A Maiden's No.

She thought to mask her heart from me
With jest and laughter gay,
I knew she loved me by her glance.
(She looked the other way.)

I sent her roses, begging she
would wear them. The coquette
Told me she loved me by her choice.
(She wore some mignonette.)

And when a rival claimed my waltz
By her capricious whim
She plainly showed she cared for me
(She gave the dance to him.)

She loved me well, and one fair night
I asked her if 'twere so,
I knew it by her whispering word.
(She softly whispered "no.")
—Carolyn Wells, in Detroit Free Press.

Prof. Hydrogen's Discovery.

By M. Downey.

I sat in my office in New York, one afternoon late in November, with a letter on my desk. It was from my sister.

"Come home," she said, "and spend Thanksgiving with us. You have made excuses before, but don't do so this time. Drop business for a few days, and write that you will be here. Let us have an old-fashioned Thanksgiving once more."

How could I go? I would have to start on the day before the holiday, and, with us, that was always a busy day. Then there were other reasons why I should remain in New York. But the more I reflected, the more plainly I pictured in my mind the old home. Some one could take my place for a day or two; the engagements could be put over for a time. I felt a longing for the scenes of my childhood. I had stayed away too long. I resolved to go home.

The morning before Thanksgiving Day found me a passenger on the day express for Boston. I had calculated to arrive there about mid afternoon, and to reach Beverly, my destination, about six o'clock. Then for a brisk drive, or sleigh ride, three miles over the hills to the well remembered farmhouse.

As the train whirled along I settled back in my seat, and, forgetting the cares of business, gave myself up to pleasant anticipation. A fine, driving snowstorm had set in, and bid fair to continue all day.

A tall man, wearing glasses, and having a scholarly appearance, occupied the seat across the aisle from me. My attention had been drawn to him by his asking me for a match just before the train started, as he made some remark upon the snowstorm. After we had got under way, I noticed him two or three times regarding me intently, as though anxious to engage in conversation.

I lay back in my seat, with my head resting on the cushions, lazily watching the driving snowflakes, and listening to the humming of the wheels as we rode along, preferring to be left to my reflections. Presently he rose and came over to where I was sitting. Seating himself in the vacant place beside me he asked:

"How far are you going?"

"Boston," I replied.

"That's my destination also," he said. "Do you stay there?"

"No," I answered. "I go on to Beverly."

He then handed me a card, which read: "Professor Hydrogen, Chemist and Inventor." This aroused my interest, and I gave the professor my card. We talked for a while about chemistry, on which he seemed well posted.

"Are you interested in explosive?" he finally asked, in a confidential manner.

I replied that I had read a good deal on the subject, as it was a science which interested me very much.

"Can you spare time, when we get to Boston, to come with me to my laboratory? I will show you something which I am sure you will regard as the wonder of the century. You will have time enough to get your train. I will not keep you long."

I readily agreed to accompany him, as I would have an hour to spare, and this was a chance of seeing some marvel recently discovered.

Upon our arrival at Boston we made our way through the crowded station to the street. The professor hailed a South End trolley car; his place, he said, was on Dover street. As we rode, he informed me that he had discovered a new explosive which would in a short time be used throughout the world.

"Dynamite and gunpowder," he said, "will no longer be in use when my new product is given a chance to show what it can do."

Upon reaching his home he showed me up-stairs to a small room, which appeared to be in the centre of the building, as there were no windows opening from it, light being furnished by means of a single gas jet, which was kept burning at all times.

"This is my laboratory," said my host, with pride. "This is where my idea first came to me, and where I have worked out all the details. See—here is the 'Destroyer' itself. That's the name I have given my invention. I have perfected it, so that it only requires the addition of the contents of this bottle to start it," he explained, at the same time taking a bottle filled wih some liquid from a shelf. "Three minues after this is added nothing can stop an explosion, which would have force enough to totally demolish this entire building."

"But, professor" I said, "you have not given me the names of the ingredients which go to make up the explosive."

"And you could hardly expect me to do that—yet. I must first protect my patent right and in the meantime must keep my secret," replied the professor.

As he spoke, he walked toward the machine, which appeared similar to a large clock, and was constructed of heavy iron. He still held the bottle in his hand. Suddenly, his foot catching in a torn place in the carpet, he was thrown violently; the bottle fell from his hand and was dashed to pieces against the top of the machine.

He arose, pale as death, and appeared to be terribly excited.

"Go! Get out of here!" he cried. "The contents of that bottle have gone in with the rest. Come! No time to explain now—run for your life! This building will be a wreck in three minutes!" And without waiting to see whether I followed or not, he dashed from the room, slamming the door after him.

I started to follow, but found to my horror that the door on which was a spring lock was fast. It was of solid oak—I could not force it. I was locked into the room with an explosive about to go off, and had no power to hinder the catastrophe.

I turned to the machine. It was iron covered and resisted my every effort to reach the inside. If the professor spoke the truth, I had less than two minutes to live.

The old farmhouse, the meadows, the brook where I used to fish, the schoolhouse, all came back to me in that short time. I thought of my parents and my sister, waiting, looking forward to the holiday, and the family reunited. Would they ever hear what had become of me? The newspapers would, no doubt, have an account of a fatal explosion, but without the details.

Oh, why had I been foolish enough to let my curiosity lead me into such a trap? Had I said good-by to the professor when we left the train, I would not now be facing death in a little eight by ten foot room.

I noticed that the machine seemed to vibrate; a dull, clicking sound came from the inside, followed by a sound like escaping steam. I crowded myself into the furthest corner of the room. Suddenly the machine seemed to rise and rend itself asunder. I was conscious of a dull glare, a grinding sort of roar; the walls seemed to collapse all at once, and then——

"Worcester! Worcester!"

I woke with a start and picked myself up from the floor of the car, where I had slid from my seat while asleep. The train glided into a large covered station. We had arrived at Worcester. Boston was still a little over one hour's ride distant.

"Did you notice a passenger in the seat opposite me?" I asked of a man in the seat ahead. "A tall gentleman ,wearing glasses?"

"Yes," he answered. "He left the train, I think, at Hartford."—Waverly Magazine.

TOYS OR FIZZ-JIGS?

Isn't the Child's Preference for the Former Plain and Unmistakable.

Pending the investigation of the toy question by some learned society or sociological expert which we should suppose must be certain to take place, we venture to suggest one probable conclusion of such investigation, and to submit the question of its soundness to those of our readers who as a result of Christmas are in a position to observe the varying effects of the different kinds of toys upon the temper, happiness and general well-being of the victims—we mean the recipients.

The conclusion which we thus submit is that what children want is toys and not fizz-jigs—things that they can play with, not things of the song and dance variety, sole artists that need to be wound up and then do all the playing for themselves. What a child wants from his toys is not primarily entertainment, but expression; the expression of his own ideas through the use of his own faculties, not the expression of the ingenuity of the clever man who made the toy. Toys are accordingly welcomed to him are treasured, and become a part of his life. In proportion as they are plastic to his hand and mind, in proportion as he can build with them or use them in the drama of which so great a part of his play consists. Sand is the most popular play material with very small children; then come blocks, then a variety of objects, but always such as the child can do things with, up to the football or baseball of college sport.

A doll that could dance ragtime and whistle "Hail, Columbia," would not be so popular, after the first five minutes, as a clothespin dressed in a bit of rag. The mechanical marvel is good when ragtime and "Hail, Columbia," are wanted—that is, fairly good, not quite so good as she would be if she did not provide the music and dancing for herself. All the rest of the time she is wholly and perfectly useless. The rag doll on the other hand, has endless possibilities. Like the American girl, she is fit for any part and will adorn any station in life, from cook to princess as if she had been born to it. And such must a real doll be, or lose her job, for life is varied and exacting, and one doll in her time plays many parts.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Will Found in a Hat.

Probate has been granted of the will of a pedler who left an estate valued at £11,937. He was Mr. Harris Norman, a Polish Jew, of Mill road, Cambridge. The document was found in his silk hat after his death. It was dated January 15, 1903, and by it he left the whole of his property equally between Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, and the London Jewish Synagogue for the relief of poor and needy Jews.

Bereaved One—They haven't all gone, have they?—London Tid-Bits.

"The old-fashined orator used to pause for a reply."